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her, so restrictive and enslaving.

ing hips now."

are stunning!"

face-red as a saddle!"

your grip, and he'll melt."

"You're an easy fitter," said the sales

voice-"you need a new corset. This

shoes, gloves and stockings to match.

she was so transformed, so harmingly

girlish in her self conscious glery, that

hurt." She laughed as she said this,

for her use of the vernacular was con-

scious. "I'm a fraud. Your father will

"Don't let that trouble you. This is

Berrie, whose hat became her mighti-

Waxland recurred with an increase

"He's here! I've sent word saying

I am innehing in the cafe with ladles.

I think he'll come round. But don't

ness man and not at all pretty, and

mating glare as if you were a tree,

but he's actually very easy to manage

if you know how to handle him. Now,

I'm not going to try to explain every-

thing to him at the beginning. I'm

going to introduce him to you in a

casual kind of way and give him time

to take to you both. He forms his

"What if he doesn't like us?" in-

"He can't help it." His tone was so

ositive that her eyes misted with hap-

dness, "But here comes our food, I

hope you aren't too nervous to eat.

Here is where I shine as provider,

This is the kind of camp fare I can

Berrie's healthy apretite rose above

her apprehension, and she are with the

keen enjoyment of a child, and her

mother said, "It surely is a treat to

get a chance at somebody else's cook-

He sat where he could watch the

door, and despite his joeund pose his

eves expressed growing imputience

end some auxiety. They were all well

into their dessert before he called out.

Mrs. McParlane could not see the

gray mustache and high, smooth brow

entered the room. He did not smile as

glance questioned even before he

Wayland said: "Mrs. McFarlane, this

The elder Norcross shook hands with

the best health resort in Colorado."

"Vou needn't, but you may. I'm feel-

recommend."

this, only different."

women?"

are feeling."

likes and dislikes very quickly."

quired Berrie, with troubled brow.

of tension in his face.

CHAPTER XVII. A Matter of Dress.

FELL, now." Wayland went on as they stepped off at the than he, and when at last selection hotel, "I am in command of this expedition. From this on I lead this outfit. When it comes to hotels, railways and the like o' that I'm head ranger."

Mrs. McFarlane, tired, hungry and a little dismayed, accepted his control gladly, but Berrie could not at once slip aside her responsibility. "Tell the hostler"-

"Not a word!" commanded Norcross. and the girl, with a smile, submitted to room. Wayland waited patiently, and his guidance, and thereafter his efficiency, his self possession, his tact delighted her. He persuaded the sullen landlady to get them supper. He secured the best rooms in the house and arranged for the care of the team.

Berrie was correspondingly less masculine. In drawing off her buckskin driving gloves she had put away the cowgirl and was silent, a little sad even in the midst of her enjoyment of his dictatorship. And when he said, "If my father reaches Denver in time Berrie, "The only thing that feels nat I want you to meet him," she looked the dismay she felt.

I'll do it, but I'm scared of him." "You needn't be. I'll see him first and draw his fire"

Mrs. McFarlane interposed. "We must do a little shopping first. We can't meet your father as we are."

"Very well. It is arranged. We get in, the time of year when tan is fashion-I find, about noon. We'll go straight able. Don't you be afraid of the govto the biggest shop in town. If we ernor. Just smile at him, give him work with speed we'll be able to lunch with my father. He'll be at the Palmer House at 1."

now." Berrie said nothing, either in accept- Notwithstanding his confident advice ance or rejection of his plan. Her Wayland led the two silent and in- Kentucky family, father. Her grandmind was concerned with new concep- wardly dismayed women into tions, new relationships, and when in showy cafe of the hotel with some dethe hall he took her face between his gree of personal apprehension concernhands and said, "Cheer to! All is not ing the approaching interview with his lost!" she put her arms about his father. Of course he did not permit neck and hid her check against his this to appear in the slightest degree. breast to hide her tears. "Oh, Way- It pleased him to observe the admirland, I'm such an idiot in the city! I'm ing glances which were turned upon

afraid your father will despise me." She woke to a new life next morn- ly, and, leaning over, he said in a low fing—a life of compliance, of following, voice to Mrs. McFarlane: "Who is the of dependence much the judgment of lovely young lady opposite? Won't you another. She street in stence while introduce me?" her lover paid the bills, bought the tickets and tele raphed their coming to his father. She are wesced when he run out to the desk and see if the govprevented her metter from telephone ernor has come in or not." ing to the ran he she complied when he counterputated nor order to have the team sont back at once. His judgment ruled, and she enjoyed her sudden freedom from responsibility. It was novel, and it was very sweet to be afraid of him. He's a good deal think that she was being cared for as rougher on the outside than he is at she had cared for and shielded him in beart. Of coarse he's a bluff old busi-

the world of the trail. In the railway coach Wayland tactfully withdrew, leaving mother and daughter to discuss clothes undisturbed by his presence,

"We must look our best, honey," said Mrs. McFarlane. "We will go right to Mme. Crosby at Battle's, and she'll fit us out. I wish we had more time. but we haven't, so we must do the best we can."

"I want Wayland to choose my hat and traveling sult," replied Berrie. "Of course. But you've got to have

a lot of other things besides." And they bent to the joyous work of making out a list of goods to be purchased as soon as they reached Chicago.

Wayland came back with a Denver paper in his hand and a look of disgust on his face. "It's all in here-at least, the outlines of it."

Berrie took the Journal and there read the details of Settle's assault upon the foreman. "The fight arose from a remark concerning the forest supervisor's daughter. Ranger Settle warned Wayland, "It's as good as resented the gossip and fell upon the other man, beating him with the butt of his revolver. Friends of the foreman claim that the ranger is a drunk en bully and should have been discharged long ago. The supervisor for some mysterious reason retains this "Here be in" man, although he is an incompetent. It is also claimed that McFarlane put a man on the roll without examination." The supervisor was the protagonist of the play, which was plainly political. The attack upon him was bitter and unjust, and Mrs. McFarlane again declared her intention of returning to help him in his fight. However, Wayland again proved to her that her presence would only embarrass the supervisor. "You would not ald him in the slightest degree. Nash and Landon are with him and will refute all these charges."

This newspaper story took the light out of their day and the smile from Berrie's lips, and the women entered the city silent and distressed in spite of the efforts of their young guide. The nearer the girl came to the ordeal of facing the elder Norcross the more, Berea, but refused dessert. she feared the outcome, but Wayland kept his air of easy confidence and drove them directly to the shopping center, believing that under the inflience of hats and gloves they would regain their customary cheer.

In this he was largely justified. They had a delightful hour trying on millinery and coats and gloves. Stient, blushing, tousled by the hands is the wife of the forest supervisor at



She Was So Transformed That He Was Tempted to Embrace Her.

woman. "But"-here she lowered het Bear Tooth, and Miss Berea is the able assistant of her father. We are all rank conservationists."

old one is out of date. Nobody is wear-Norcross senior examined Berrie pre-Thereupon Berrie meekly permitted cisely as if his eyes were a couple of herself to be led away to a torture X ray tubes, and as she flushed under his slow scrutiny he said, "I was not when she reappeared all traces of Bear expecting to find the forest service in Tooth forest had vanished. In a neat such hands." tailored suit and a very chic hat, with

Wayland laughed.

he was tempted to embrace her in the did. I hope I didn't hurt you-somepresence of the saleswoman. But he times I forget." didn't. He merely said: "I see the gov-Norcross senior was waking up. "You ernor's finish. Let's go to lunch. You have a most extraordinary grip. What

did it-piano practice?" "I don't know, myself," responded Wayland grinned. "Piano! No-the ural is my hand. They cinched me sutight I can't eat a thing, and my shoes

"The what?" Wayland explained, "Miss McFarlane was brought up on a ranch. She can rope and tie a steer, saddle her own horse, pack an outfit and all the spot my brand first shot. Look at my rest of it."

"Oh! Kind of cowgirl, eh?"

Mrs. McFarlane, eager to put Berrie's better part forward, explained: "She's our only child, Mr. Norcross, and as such has been a constant companion to her father. She's not all "I'm the one to melt. I'm beginning cowhand. She's been to school, and she can cook and sew as well."

"Mrs. McFarlane comes from an old father helped to found a college down

Wayland's anxious desire to create a favorable impression of the women did not escape the lumberman, but his face remained quite expressionless as he replieds

"If the life of a cowhand would give you the vigor this young lady appears to possess I'm not sure but you'd better stick to it."

Wayland and the two women exchanged glances of relief. This little play being over, he said, "Why not tell him now?" they seem-"Now, while our order is coming t'll ed to ask. But he said; "There's a long story to tell before we decide on my

CHAPTER XVIII.

is mother, and how are the girls?"

career. Let's finish our lunch. How

The Private Car. NCE, in the midst of a lame pursuit of other topics, the elder Norcross again fixed his eyes on Berea, saying, "I he'll transfix you with a kind of esti- wish my girls had your weight and color." He paused a moment, then resumed with weary inflection: "Mrs. Norcross has always been delicate, and all her children-even her son-take after her. I've maintained a private and very expensive hospital for nearly thirty years."

This regretful note in his father's voice gave Wayland confidence. His spirits rose.

"Come, let's adjourn to the parlor and talk things over at our ease." They all followed him, and after

showing the mother and daughter to their seats near a window, he drew his father into a corner, and in rapid undertone related the story of his first meeting with Berrie, of his trouble with young Belden, of his camping trip, minutely describing the encounter on the mountainside and ended by saying, with manly directness: "I would be up there in the mountains in a box if Berrie had not intervened. She's a noble girl, father, and is foolish enough to like me, and I'm going to marry her and try to make her happy,"

The old lumberman, who had listened intently all through this impassioned story, displayed no sign of surprise at its closing declaration, but his eyes explored his son's soul with calm abstraction. "Send her over to me," he said at last. "Marriage is a serious newcomer from where she sat, but matter. I want to talk with her-Berrie rose in great excitement as a alone, heavy set, full faced man with short,

with an air of victory. "He wants to see you, Berrie. He's mellowing. he greeted his son, and his penetrating Don't be afraid of him."

She might have resented the father's spoke. He seemed to silently ask: "Well, what's all this? How do you the contrary, she fose and walked res- you." happen to be here? Who are these olutely over to where he sat, quite rise to meet her, but she did not count Berea McFarlane of Bear Tooth essentially rude in his manner. He was merely her elder and inert.

"Sit down," he said, not unkindly, Mrs. McFarlane politely, coldly, but he "I want to have you tell me about my betrayed surprise as Berea took his son. He has been telling me all about fingers in her grip. At his son's solici- you. Now, let's have your side of the tation he accepted a seat opposite story." She took a seat and faced him with things?"

Wayland expl ined: "Mrs. McFar- eyes as steady as his own. "Where lane and her daughter quite saved my shall I begin?" she bluntly challenged. life over in the valley. Their ranch is "He wants to marry you. Now, it seems to me that seven weeks is very "Your complexion indicates that," short acquaintance for a decision like | Wayland is able to stand city life -unp eq II.I 'lleAn - S IN Interpretation his father responded dryly. "You look that. Are you sure you want him?" something the way a man of your age "Yes, sir; I am." Her answer was ought to look. I needn't ask how you most decided.

His voice was slightly cynical as he

ing like a new fiddle, barring a bruise went on. "But you were tolerably the others, and as Wayland came to at the back of my head, which makes sure about that other fellow-that a 'hard hat' a burden. I may as well rancher with the fancy name-weren't tell you first off that Mrs. McFarlane you?" She flushed at this, but waited for him to go on. "Don't you think it possible that your fancy for Wayland

is also temporary?" "No, sir!" she bravely declared. "I never felt toward any one the way I "I'm glad"do toward Wayland. He's different. I shall never change toward him."

Her tone, her expression of eyes stopped this line of inquiry. He took up another. "Now, my dear young lady, I am a business man as well as a father, and the marriage of my son is a weighty matter. He is my main de- an invalid like you. Furthermore, I pendence. I am hoping to have him take up and carry on my business. To be quite candid, I didn't expect him to select his wife from a Colorado ranch. I considered him out of the at his son. "Would life on a wheat danger zone. I have always under ranch, accessible to this hotel by mostood that women were scarce in the torcar, be endurable to you?" mountains. Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not one of those fools who are always trying to marry their sons vise her to do it," he added, interruptand daughters into the ranks of the ing his son's outcry. "I think she's idle rich. I don't care a hang about taking all the chances." He turned to social position, and I've got money Mrs. McFarlane. "I'm old fashioned enough for my son and my son's wife. But he's all the boy I have, and I don't Farlane. I grew up when women want him to make a mistake." "Neither do I." she answered simply.

her eyes suffused with tears, "If I

thought he would be sorry"tell that now! Any marriage is a risk. derstand it, you're all out for a pleas-I don't say he's making a mistake in ure trip. Now, my private car is over selecting you. You may be just the in the yards, and I suggest you all woman he needs. Only I want to be come along with me to California"consulted. I want to know more about you. He tells me you have taken an claimed Wayland. active part in the management of the ranch and the forest. Is that true?" ther-yes, sir."

"You like that kind of life?" "I don't know much about any other kind. Yes, I like it. But I've had enough of it. I'm willing to change."

"Well, how about city life-house keeping and all that?" "So long as I am with Wayland I shan't mind what I do or where I

"At the same time you figure he's certainties, "I hope you didn't mash his fingers, going to have a large income, I suppose? He's told you of his rich father, hasn't he?" She smiled guiltily. "I'm afraid I

Berrie's tone was a shade resentful of his insinuation. "He has never said much about his family one way or an- Refused Place in House, Mrs. Elizaother. He only said you wanted him to go into business in Chicago and that he wanted to do something else. Of course I could see by his ways and the clothes he wore that he'd been brought up in what we'd call luxury, but we never inquired into his affairs. "And you didn't care?"

"Well, not that exactly. But money don't count for as much with us in the valley as it does in the east. Wayland seemed so kind of sick and lonesome, and I felt sorry for him the first time I saw him. I felt like mothering him. And then his way of talking, of looking at things, was so new and beautiful to me I couldn't bein caring for him. I had never met any one like him. I thought he was a 'lunger' "-

"A consumptive. That is, I did at rampage and showed the vellow streak verts. it. I'm not ashamed of loving him. I revealed to me the fact that I was

stay out here till he gets entirely well." that the iron steps of the carriage her plea, and at its close a slight smile posts 'Alas,' thought I, 'before mornif he takes you and stays in Colorado he can't expect me to share the profits He'll have to make his own wer." He rose and held out his hand. "However, I'm persuaded he's in good hands."

what to reply. He examined her fingers with intent gaze. "I didn't know any woman could

have such a grip." He thoughtfully took her biceps in his left hand. "You are magnificent." Then in ironical protest he added: "Good God, no. I can't nothing on the pools and corners of valley like you?"

pride themselves on not being horse- brought out by a state senate investia horse. I'm a kind of a tomboy to Gould, Rufus Hatch, a big speculator them."

old story. I suppose they'd all like to he was camillar with corners and live in the city and wear low necked be told how his brokers started buy gowns and high heeled shoes. No, I ing "bicago | Northwestern at abou can't consent to your marriage with 80 a. J bought more than there was my son. I must save you from corrup- "I paid what I thought it was worth," tion. Go back to the ranch. I can see he said. "It resulted in carrying the already signs of your deterioration, price up very high. I did not pay Except for your color and that grip over 80. The stock fell back after you look like upper Broadway."

Wayland went back to the women new corset, her silk stockings and her duced to part with some at about that pinching shoes. "It's all on the out- price." Mr. Gould's matchless gener side," she declared. "Under this tog- osity, however, was not shared by Rugery I'm the same old trailer. It don't fus Hatch, according to his testimony take long to get rid of these things, when asked if he was opposed to

Wayland to do If you knew I was hard futures. "it is a part of my profes against his marrying you? Come, now, sion" he said, "to deal in futures." vidual. What can he do to earn a liv- limited to two occasions. On the first nid?

"Yes. I'm going to ask my father to to lay down." buy a ranch near here, where mother can have more of the comforts of life. east, I will go with him."

meet them Norcross said, with dry humor: "I admire your lady of the cinch hand. She seems to be a person of singular good nature and most uncommon shrewd"-

Wayland, interrupting, caught at his father's hand and wrung it frenziedly.

"Here! Here!" A look of pain covered the father's face. "That's the fist

she put in the press." They all laughed, and then he gravely resumed: "I say I admire her, but it's a shame to ask such a girl to marry won't have her taken east. She'd bleach out and lose that g in a year. I won't have her contaminated by the city." He mused deeply while looking

"You mean with Berea?" "If she'll go. Mind you, I don't adin my notions of marriage, Mrs. Me were helpmates, such as, I judge, you've been. Of course it's all guesswork to me at the moment, but I have an impression that my son has fallen He interrupted again. "Oh, you can't into an unusual run of luck. As F un-"Governor, you're a wonder!" ex-

"That'll give us time to get better ding gown with the money." acquainted, and if we all like one an-"I've always worked with my fa- other just as well when we get backwell, we'll buy the best farm in the

North Platte, and"-"It's a cinch we get that ranch!" interrupted Wayland, with a triumphant

glance at Berea. "Don't be so sure of it." replied the lumberman. "A private car, like a yacht, is a terrible test of friendship." But his warning held no terrors for the young lovers. They had entered upon

PASSED A MISERABLE NIGHT beth Cady Stanton Slept in Carriage.

Even the man who does not sympathize with the movement for woman's rights cannot help admiring the leaders of it. Elizabeth Cady Stanton proved more than once, says the Youth's Companion, that she had both physical and moral courage of a high order. She had often, say her blographers in "Heroines of Modern Progress," to utter her messas; under the most trying circumstances.

Once in Michigan a party of speakers visited a deaf and dumb institu tion. Mrs. Stanton just said: "There is one comfort in visiting this place, first prize in everything," mused Mrs. we shall not be asked to speak," Fenwick as she stepped briskly about when the superintendent came up her tasks. "Every year she's carried first. And it bothered me. It seemed with: "Ladies, the pupils are as off prizes for baking and fancy work, RUGS NUI , OR MISS HUMBLE terrible that any one so 'hne should sembled in the chapel ready to hear and I declare if she hasn't carried off all I could to be'p him, to make him tendent repeated in sign language for folks say she is engaged to Frank happy. I thought he hadn't long to what they said. At another time their live. Everything he said and did was boat was icebound in the middle of it was that he stopped coming to wonderful to me, like poetry and mu- the Mississippi river. Someone shout see Milly all of a sudden. He seemed sic. And then when he began to grow 'ed: "Speech on woman suffrage!" stronger and I saw that he was going They rose to the occasion, and there afraid she liked him too well." to get well, and Cliff went on the at midnight made several new con-

and I gave him back his ring-I didn't In Kansas Mrs. Santon one night know even then how much Wayland was refused lodging in a house, and meant to me. But on our trip over the ensconced herself in the carriage. "I range I understood. He meant every- had just fallen into a gentle slumber," thing to me. He made Cliff seem like she wrote, "when a chorus of grunts a savage, and I wanted him to know and a violent shaking of the carriage want to make him happy, and if he strrounded by those long-nosed black wishes me to be his wife I'll go any- pigs so celebrated for their courage where he says-only I think he should and pertinacity. They had discovered The old man's eyes softened during made most satisfactory scratching moved the corners of his mouth ing I shall be devoured!" She piled "You've thought it all out, I see. Your the whip upon them, but without efmind is clear and your conscience easy. fect; so she went to sleep and let Well, I like your spirit. I guess he's them scratch at their pleasure. "I right. The decision is up to you. But had a sad night of it, and never tried the carriage again, although I had of my business with him, can he? many equally miserable experiences within four walls."

She took his hand, not knowing just STOCK POOLS OF OTHER DAYS Financial Giants Involved in Question able Transactions in 1882 Gave

Entertaining Testimony.

Stock pools of the present day have

have you come into my family. You'd a generation ago in either magnidmake caricatures of my wife and cence or picturesqueness. Certainly daughters. Are all the girls out in the there has been in recent years no such naive and entertaining testimony re-She laughed. "No. Most of them garding such operations as that women. Mighty few of 'em ever ride gating committee in 1882, with Jay and Henry Ward Beecher as the star "I'm sorry to hear that. It's the same attractions. They asked Jay Gould it the corner to about 80. I think it went She flushed redly, conscious of her up to about 250. I think I was in lack of gallantry, but she did not. On I'm just playing a part today-for stock watering. "I am," he replied promptly, "unless I am in it." Henry He smiled and dropped her hand, "No, Ward Beecher added to the entertain ready to defend herself. He did not no. You've said goodby to the cinch. I ment of the investigation—he did not is my father. Father, this is Miss that against him, for there was nothing era boxes and limousines. What is supposing that in a general way he can see that. You're on the road to op- know why he ! ad been called-by m here?" your plan? What would you advise understood the system of dealing in I can see you're a clear sighted indi- His dealings in stocks, however, were ing? How will you live without my occasion he bought at 400 and sold at Have you figured on these 100, "I though, it a good stock to lay up," he observed, 'but found it good

> or something.—Philadelphia Ledger, again. Then, if you want him to go | -Jojing gauss not op juna 'HeA your daughter fifteen years, Mr. S .-They had moved slowly back toward popular I pute control back toward popular I have courted barry you. The Shock of His Life.

MILLY'S PRIZE

Despite the Trick of a Rival, She Proved a Winner

By CLARISSA MACKIE ******

Milly Fenwick danced triumphantly Ontario and Western Canada, 1.47 around the kitchen table, whereon re- a.m., and 1.25 and 10.10 p.m. posed the four loaves of bread which From Norton Mills, Wallis Pond, she had baked for the Little River fair, and Averill, 10.10 p.m. Big loaves they were, browned deli-

"Mother, did you ever see such beautiful bread?" challenged Milly, stop- Greveten, 1.30 p.m.

her mother's soft cheek. Fenwick, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"When was that?"

loaves for the fair." "Mother! And of course you took first prize?"

"Yes, I did-and I bought my wed-Milly blushed furiously. "Well, of course you were engaged

to father, but I'm not engaged to any | East Charleston and West Charleston one, but I know what I shall buy with the first prize money if I get it." "What shall you buy?" asked Mrs

Fenwick indulgently. "Chickens. Yes, I truly am going to raise chickens and see if I can't make money enough to pay off that little scrap of a mortgage on the place."

"It would be the biggest blessing in p.m. the world if you could. It would be five years, and he cannot seem to get a.m. and 5.00 a.m. ahead so he can pay it off. It has been such a bad year, and he has had to hire Portland, 1.30 a.m. and 5.00 a.m. so much help because of his illness."

"You can't say anything that I have not already thought of," protested Milly as she buttered the crusty loaves and tossed a white napkin over them. "I'm only afraid that Sadle Lownes and 1.00 p.m. will carry off the prize. She certainly is a good cook."

"She can't make handsomer loaves than those," asserted Mrs. Fenwick Except Sunday. proudly.

"Well, we will see. I'm going upstairs to get ready, mother, and then I'm going to take the bread over to the tent," said Milly. And she flew out of the room with a whisk of her pink and east, 1.00 a.m. white skirts.

"It's too bad for Sadie to carry off Barlow. I never could understand why to think a lot of my girl, and I'm

Wice, Milly Fenwick reached the big tent where the annual county fair was



SADIE PULLED UP A CORNER OF THE

SNOWY TOWEL AND PERRED UNDER. held she found Sadle Lownes buzzins around the table of domestic exhibits dke a slim waisted wasp. Sadie was of various animals. After having very tall and thin and ordered everybody about in an impudent, good natured manner that was very taking among her friends and quite disarraing to her enemies. She was not pretty, but she had rather a fascinating manner of using her black eyes atd tossing her dark head, but her face was thin and freckled, and her nose was too large for actual beauty. Milly set down her big basket and

leaning against one of the poles that supported the tent, fanned her flushed tried in a fishing town of Massachuface with her handkerchief "Milly Fenwick you're as red as a under cross-examination refused to

beet!" exclaimed Sadie, darting at state the amount of his gross income. Milly's basket. "What have you got

Unity of Human Race Admitted. All scientists recognize and admit the unity of the human race, and attribute seeming variations to physical conditions, environment and habits. The points of physical identity among the different races are far more nu. It is always out of cach, always in merous and important than the points debt, never out of danger, and in hell of difference.

golf all the time for?"-Judge. been letting your father beat me at PA,1 esoddns nod op tuqa 'HeA.

I had no tdes you thought of me that . cd Generosity.

******** The Postoffice, Island Pond, Vt

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From Newport, West Derby, Derby, West and East Charleston, 7.30 p.m.

From Morgan and Morgan Center, 11.45 a.m. From points in Province Quebec

From Lake 4.00 p.m. eately without, snowy white and sweet From Beecher Falls, Canaan, and within-perfect loaves of perfect bread. all poor's on upper Maine Central "You silly child," smiled Mrs. Fen- Railroad, north of North Stratford, wick as she bustled into the room and 7.55 p.m.

caught Milly in the midst of her gay From all local points Berlin to Island Pond, 7.55 p.m. From all local points Portland to

ping breathlessly to implant a kiss on | From Lancaster, Littleton, White, field, and points on Boston & Maine "Never but once before," said Mrs. south of Groveton. 1.20 a.m., and

1.30 p.m. From North Stratford, Groveton, "Years ago when I baked my first Berlin, Gorham and all points south and east, 1,20 a.m. and 1,20 p.m.

> MAILS CLOSE. For Newport, Derby, Derby Line,

and North; West Derby and Beebe Plain, 1.00 a.m. For Newport, West Derby, Derby,

For Lake, Norton Mills, Averill and Wallis Pond, 6.15 a.m.

For Morgan, and Morgan Center, 7.15a. m.

For Beecher Falls, Canaan, and all points on upper Maine Central Rail-"Dear child," sighed Mrs. Fenwick, road, 1.00 a.m. and 5.00 a.m. and 1.00

For Lancaster, Littleton, Whitesuch a rever to your father. That little field, and points on Boston & Maine balance of \$200 has worried him for Railroad, south of Groveton, 1.00 For local points, Island Pond to For local points, Groveton to

Portland, 1.00 p.m. For Berlin, Gorham, and all points south and east, 1.00 a.m., 5.00 a.m.

Rural Delivery carrier arrives 12.30 p.m. Rural Delivery mails close 6.15 a.m.

SUNDAY.

1.20 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. Mails close for all points south and

From all points south and east,

Mails for Norton Mill: 1.00 a.m. D. P. MACKENZIE, P. M.

and the same of the same of

be condemned like that, and so I did you." They spoke, while the superin the biggest matrimonial prize as well. Court Decision Likely to Cause Fair Plaintiff to Feel Like Living Up

to Her Name. Sour wine, gayety, humility--such might, perhaps, he designated as the subject of the case reported in 143 Pacific Reporter, 778, as indicated by the subject matter, love letters foliowed by death of the wooer, taken in connection with the names of the parties invol- Humble, Gay and Sauerwein. The last named was the cavatier and owner of a fine collection of 119 Indian blankets and rugs. In the winter of 1910 he met Miss Humble. and thereupon became "Humbled," we might perhaps say, not in the ordinary sense of degradation, but of being held captive by the lady's charms. He soon cought an engagement of ma riage and showed her his collection o. rugs, with the statement that the were to be hers. She did not at that time accept either the gift of his person or property. A few months later Mr. Sauerwt 'n died. Enter here Mr. Gay as executor. After the departure of Sauerwein "to that bourne from which no traveler returns," Miss Humble, perhaps to have them as a keepsake, sought recovery of the collection of rugs on the theory that a valid gift of them had beer, nade to her. The supreme court of California, however, held that according to the evidence, consisting partly of letters from the 'ovelern Sauerwein, the gift had never been com pleted, and denied recovery.-The Docket.

Risky Revenge.

Paganini, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some avenge the insult and at the close of his program informed the audience that he would imitate the language rendered the notes of different birds. the mewing of a gat and and the barking of a dog he advanced to the footlights and saying, "This is for those who hissed!" imitated the braying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would have killed their calumniator had he not bastily retreated.

Sounds Fishy. A New York lawyer tells of a case setts, during which the chief witness "You must answer the question," said the judge. "But, Your Honor," said the man, "I have no gross income; I am a fisherman, and it's all net."

Has a Hard Time, Someone is quoted as having said

that of all the letters in the aighabet "E" is the most unfortunate, "because all the time." It is also the most frequently used letter in the alphabet.

Height He Must Reach. A public speaker never reaches the pinnacle of fame until some newspaper dubs him the "prince of orators."